

The most lamentable Tragedie

Tamora. Farewell my sonnes, see that you make her sure,
Nere let my hart know merry cheere indeede,
Till all the *Acrornie* be made away:
Now will I hence to seeke my louely *Moore*,
And let my spleenfull sonnes this Trull defloure.

Enter Aron, with two of Titus sonnes.

Come on my Lords, the better foote before,
Straight will I bring you to the lothsome pit,
Where I espied the Panther fast a sleepe.

Quintus. My sight is very dull what ere it bodes.

Mart. And mine I promise you, were it not for shame,
Well could I leaue our sport to sleepe a while.

Quin. What art thou fallen, what subtil hole is this,
Whose mouth is couered with rude growing briers,
Vpon whose leaues are drops of new shed blood,
As fresh as morning dewe distild on flowers,
A very fatall place it seemes to mee,
Speake brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Martius. Oh brother, with the dismallst obiekt hurt,
That euer eie with sight made hart lament.

Aron. Now will I fetch, the King to finde them heere,
That he thereby may haue a likely gesse,
How these were they that made away his brother. *Exit.*

Martius. Why doost not comfort me, and helpe me out
From this vn hollow, and blood stained hole.

Quintus. I am surprised with an vncouth feare,
A chilling sweat oreruns my trembling ioynts,
My hart suspects more then mine eye can see.

Mart. To proue thou hast a true diuining hart,
Aron and thou looke downe into this den,
And see a fearefull sight of blood and death.

Quintus. *Aron* is gone, and my compassionate hart,
VWill not permit mine eyes once to behold,
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:

of Titus

Oh tell me who it is, for nere
Was I a child, to feare I know

Martius. Lord *Bassianus*
All on a heape like to a slaue
In this detested darke blood

Quintus. If it be darke ho

Martius. Vpon his bloo
A precious ring, that lighten
VVhich like a taper in some
Doth shine vpon the dead m

And shewes the ragged intr
So pale did shine the Moon
VVhen he by night lay bath
O brother helpe me with thy
If feare hath made thee faint,
Out of this fell deuouring re
As hatefull as *Oculus* mistie m

Quin. Reach me thy hand
Or wanting strength to doe
I may be pluckt into the swal
Of this deepe pit, poore *Bassianus*
I haue no strength to plucke

Martius. Nor I no stren

Quin. Thy hand once m
Till thou art heere a loft, or I
Thou canst not come to me,

Enter the Emperour, and

Satur. Along with me, Ile
And what he is that now is le
Say, who art thou that lately c
Into this gaping hollow of the

Martius. The unhappie
Brought hither in a most vnlu

Oh